TORAS NA CROICHE

Aistrighthe

le

SEAGHAN MAC HÉIL,

Ardeaspog Tuama

A mBaile Átha-cliath;
Clóbhuailte le Seamus O Duibhte,
7, Calan Ualaisdoio.
1865.

Toras na Croice.

TORAS NA CROIĊE.

Aistriġṫe

le

SEAĠAN MAC HALE,
Ardeasbog Ṫuama.

A m-Baile Aṫa-cliaṫ:
Clobuailte le Seamus O Duibṫe,
7, Calad Ualainġtin.
187?.

TO THE READER.

The Way of the Cross has been long a favourite devotion with the people of Ireland. They loved to accompany our Divine Redeemer through the several stages of his sufferings, and from meditating on them drew strength and courage to sustain the burden of their own. This devotion is daily spreading, and the Stations of the Cross are crowded with followers who were not accustomed to tread them before.

For the encouragement of this tender devotion, the treasures of the Church are freely bestowed on those who practise it. They gain, on certain easy conditions, the same indulgences which were formerly granted to those who undertook a distant pilgrimage to Jerusalem, to visit the Holy Sepulchre. It is to facilitate this devotion, and to make it familiar to the humblest, that I have translated the Way of the Cross, left us by St. Alphonsus Liguori, into our own native language. A strophe of the Irish translation of the "Stabat Mater" accompanies each Station, and when entoned by several voices practised in its plaintive melody, it fails not to awaken compassion for the afflicted Mother and her Divine Son, and at the same time to excite contrition for the sins that caused them.

I have attempted an English translation likewise of this Hymn, Stabat Mater, set, as *may be seen,* to the same measure as the original *Latin and the* Irish translation.

✠ *JOHN*, Archbishop of Tuam.

DO 'N LÉIĠTEOIR.

Leis na cianta buḋ ġnáṫaċ agus buḋ taiṫneaṁaċ, turas na croiċe le muintir na h-Éireann. B'ail leó siúḃal a g-cuideaċt an Slánuiġṫeóra, tríḋ gaċ coisliġe dá anacair agus le linn a ṁeaḋamnuġaḋ, fuaradar neart agus misneaċ ċum go n-iomċroċṫaidís a n-anacair féin. Tá an ċraḃaċt so scapaḋ go laeṫeaṁail, agus tá an iomaḋ daoine bualaḋ bealaiġ na croiċe, nár ċleaċd an turas beannuiġṫe so a riaṁ.

Ċum an gnás craḃaċ so ċur air aġaiḋ, roinntear go fial cisdiṫe na h-eaglaise air an ṁuintir a leanas é. Air ċonraḋ airiḋe, so-ḃeanta, gnoṫuiġeann siad gaċ loġa do bronnaḋ air na h-eilṫiriġiḃ ṫug aisdir fada go Ierusalem, le cuairt air na h-uaiġiḃ beannuiġṫe. Ċum go m-beiḋeaḋ an cleaċtaḋ craḃaċ so so-ḟaġala do na daoiniḃ is foir-isle, d'aistriġeas sliġe na croiċe, d'ḟag aguinn Naoṁ Alfoins Ligóri, ánn an nGaoiḋilge duṫċais féin. Aig críoċ gaċ turais 'tig fearsaḋ de'n Naoṁ-dán: "Seas an ṁaṫair," agus le linn mórán guṫa ċur le ceile aig canaḋ an ḟoinn ċumṫar uaṫa, dúsgar truaġ do ḋólás na maṫar agus a Ṁic, agus croiḋe-bruġaḋ ann san am ceaḋna, fa na peacaiḋiḃ do ċion-ṡiocair iad.

Do rinneas mar an ceaḋna aistriuġ a sacs-ḃearla don ránn so, "Stubat Máter," cuiriṫ síos, mar éitir, réir rin na Laiṫne ansa agus na Gaoiḋilge.

✠ Seaġan, Art-easbog Tuama.

An moḋ le a dtugṫar an Toras.

Teiġeaḋ gaċ neaċ air a ġlúiniḃ os coṁair na h-altora, deanaḋ gníoṁ croiḋe-bruġaiḋ, agus biḋeaḋ rún aige na loġaiḋ a ġnoṫa-ċan do féin agus do na h-anamnaiḃ a b-purgadóir: aṁ sin abraḋ se:

Mo Ṫiġearna Iosa Ċríosd, do ṫug tu an toras so le bás ḟaġail air mo ṡon le grád an-ċuimsiġṫe, agus ṁa ḋiaiġ sin, is minic do ṫreig mise ṫu go mio-ċarac: anois gráḋuiġim ṫu le mo ċroiḋe go h-'omlan agus ta fíor ḋolas orm fá gur ċuir me fearg ort a riam. Maiṫ ḋam, a Ḋia, agus leig liom a beiṫ aṁ do ċoṁluadar 'san aisdir so, d-teigeaṁ tusa ċum báis le grad orm-sa; is mian liom-sa, mar an g-ceadna, a Ṡlanuiġṫeóir ṁuirníġ, bás ḟaġail le grád ort-sa, Iosa, caitfiḋ me mo beaṫa agus geabfad bas, a g-coṁnuiġe, a b-foċair leat.

A Iosa! le grád orm-sa teiḋir go mullaċ

Calbari; Tabair ḋam mo ḃeaṫa éaċad; an-foġ fulaingt agus bás fagail an aoinfeaċt leat.

Sta-bat Ma-ter do-lo-ro-sa,
Jux-ta cru-cem la-cry-mo-sa
Dum pen-de-bat Fi-li-us.

AN ĊEAD TORAS.

Teilgin Iosa ċum báis

Rañ. Aḋramuid ṫu, a Ċriosd, agus molamuid ṫu.

Freagraḋ. Mar ġeall gur ḟaor tu an doṁan le do ċroic beañuiġṫe.

Smuainiġ, cionas, n-deir Iosa beiṫ greadta agus coronta le deilgnib, do ṫeilg go eagcéoireaċ Piolaid é ċum báis na croiċe.

'Iosa aḋraṁail, ní Ṗiolaid, aċt mo ṗeacaiḋe-se, do ṫeilg ṫu añ báis, aċċuinġim ṫu ar luaiġeaċt an aistir doċoṁala sin, ċongnaḋ le m'anam añ a aisdear ċum na sioruiḋeaċta. Gráduiġim ṫu, Iosa, mo ṡearcṫa; is mó mo ġean ort na orm ḟein: ta doilġiós croiḋe orm gur ċuir mé fearg ort. Coiḋċe arís na leig liom me ḟein do ḋealuġaḋ uait. Tabair dam beiṫ sior-

ġráḋaċ ort, agus an sin déan liom mar is toil leat.

Ar n-Aṫair. 'S é do ḃeaṫa, a Ṁuire. Glóir don Aṫair, &c.

A Iosa! le grád orm-sa teiḋir go mullaċ Ċalḃari; Taḃair ḋam mo ḃeaṫa ċaṫaḋ, anḟoġ d' ḟulangṫ., agus bás ḟaġail an aoin-ḟeaċt leat.

Cu-jus a-ni-mam ge-men-tem,
Con-tris-ta-tem, et do-len-tem,
Per-tran-si-vit gla-di-us.

AN DARA TORAS.

Cuirtear air Iosa iomċar na croiċe.

R. Aḋramuid ṫu, a Ċriosd, agus molamuid ṫu.

F. Mar ġeall gur ḟaor tu an doṁan le do ċroiċ ḃeañuiġṫe.

Smuainiġ ci'an ċaoi ar ċuiṁniġ Iosa orañ, deanaḋ an aisdir-se leis an g-croiċ air a ġualaiḃ, agus ar ċoirḃir sé air ar son da Aṫair, an bás do ḃí sé liñ fulangṫa.

'Iosa ro-ansa, glacaim gaċ anacar do beiḋeas air mo ṡliġe go h-am mo ḃais. Aċ-ċuingim ṫu as luaiġeaċt an t-saoṫair do ċuaiḋis ṫríd aig iomċar do ċroiċe, taḃairt ḋam an congnaḋ riaċtanaċ le mo ċros iomċar le foiġiḋ agus uṁalaċt iomlán. Gráḋuiġim ṫu, Iosa, mo ṡearc, os cioñ gaċ uile niḋ: ta doilġios croiḋe orm gur ċuir mo

fearg ort. Coiḋċe aris na leig liom mé féin do ḋéaluġaḋ uait. Tabair ḋam beiṫ síor-ġráḋaċ ort, agus aṅ sin dean liom mar is toil leat.

Ar n-Aṫair, 'S é do beaṫa, a ṁuire. Gloir don Aṫair, &c.

A Iosa! le gráḋ orm-sa, teiḋir go mullaḋ Calbari; Tabair ḋam, mo beaṫa ċaṫaḋ, ansoġ ḟulangt agus bás ḟaġail aṅ aoinḟeaċt leat.

Ó nár ṫrom, bí briseaḋ cronaċ,
Na h-oiġ' beaṅuiġ' 'gus nár ḃronaċ,
Bí cuiṁ' maṫar aon ṁic Dé.

AN TRIMAḊ TORAS.

Tuitim Íosa an ċéad uair faoi n-a ċroiċ.

R. Aḋramuid ṫu, a Ċríosd, agus molamuid ṫu.

F. Mar ġeall gur ḟaor tu an doṁan le do ċroiċ ḃeannuiġṫe.

Smuainiġ air an gcéad tuitim-so Íosa faoi n-a ċroic. Do sreacaḋ a ċuid feóla le sciúrsaiḃ; ḃí coróin deilgne air a ċean; agus ċail se mórán mór fola. Ḃí sé ċo lag augus gur air eigin ḃí an siúḃal, augus fos buḋ dual ḋo an trom ualaċ-so iomċar air a ġualaiḃ. Do ḃuail an luċt airm é go mío-ṁoḋaṁail, agus mar sud do ṫuit sé mórán ama.

Íosa, ní h-é meaḋaċan na ċroice, aċt mo ṗeacaiḋ-se a ṫug ort an oiread craḋa. Ó, ar luaiġeaċt do ċéad tuitim, saor me ó'n

ṁí-aḋ tuitim a b-peacaḋ ṁarḃṫa. Grá-ḋuiġim ṫu, Iosa, ta doilġios croiḋe orm gur ċuir me feairg ort. Coiḋċe aris na leig liom me féin do ḋealúġaḋ uait, Tabair ḋam beiṫ síor-ġráḋaċ ort; agus an̄ sin dean liom mar is toil leat.

Ar n-Aṫair.' S' é do beaṫa, a Muire Glóir don Aṫair, &c.

A Iosa! le grá ḋ orm-sa, teiḋir go mullaċ Ċalbarí; Tabair ḋam, mo beaṫa ċaṫaḋ; anfoġ ḟulangt agus bas ḟáġail aġ aoinḟeaċt leat.

Ḃí le buaireaḋ géur ḋ'a líonaḋ,
Le raiḃ gaċ ball 's fé ḋ'a sṗíonaḋ
Feicsint a mic ḋiaḋ' ḋ'a ċráḋaḋ.

AN CEAṪARṀAḊ TURAS

Casaḋ Íosa le n-a ṁaṫair an-ṡótaċ.

R. Aḋraṁaoid ṫu, a Ċríosd, agus molaṁuid ṫu:

F. Mar ġeall gur ṡaor tu an doṁan le do ċroiċ ḃeannuiġṫe.

Cuiṁniġ air ċo-casaḋ an ṁic agus na maṫar, a ṫarla ann s an áirdean-so. Ḃí a n-amáirc aṁail mar ġaeṫe lotaḋ na g-croiḋṫeaċ ḃí searcaḋ, ċo ċumanaċ a ċéile.

A Íosa ḋílis, as uċt do ḋuḃróin le linn na baile so, taḃair ḋam grása cumainn ro-ḋílis do do ṁaṫair ḃeannuiġṫe. Agus tusa mo ḃean-ríoġain a ḃí báta le buaireaḋ, fág ḋam le do eidir-ġuiḋe cuiṁniuġaḋ buan, curamaċ, paise do ṁic. Gráḋuiġim ṫu, Íosa, mo searc, os cionn gaċ uile níḋ. Tá doilġios croiḋe orm gur ċuir me fearg ort, toiḋċe

aris na leig liom me fein do ḋealuġaḋ uait, tabair ḋam beiṫ sior-ġraḋaċ ort; agus an sin dean liom mar 's toil leat.

Ar n-Aṫair, 'S é do beaṫa, a Ṁuire. Glóir don Aṫair, &c.

A Iosa! le graḋ orm-sa ceiḋir go mullaċ Ċalbari; Tabair ḋam, mo ḃeaṫa ċaṫaḋ; anios ḟulangt agus bas ḟaġail aṁ aoinḟeaċt leat.

Gan ḃeiṫ truaġac, cia air naċ g-cliffeaḋ,
'S naċ mbeiḋeaḋ a ċroiḋe le brón da ḃrisseaḋ;
Dearcaḋ 'n ṁaṫair Dé faoi ċaoiḋ!

AN CUIGEAD TORAS

Cuidiġeann Simon as Cuirin le Iosa a ċroiċ a iomċar.

R. Aḋramuid ṫu, a Ċriosd, agus molamuid ṫu:

F. Mar ġeall gur ḟaor tú an doṁan le do ċroiċ beannuiġṫe.

Cuiṁniġ, nuair do ċonairc na h-Iúdaiġiġ go m-buḋ baoġalaċ do Iosa basaḋ aig gaċ coisceim, agus nuair ḃí faitċeas orrṫa go n-eagfaḋ sé sa t-sliġe; cionnas, — nuair buḋ ṁían leó go ḃfuiġiḋ sé bás scanalaċ air an g-Croiċ,—do ċuir siad d' ualaċ air Ṡimón as Cuirin an ċroiċ d' iomċar 'n diaiġ ar Slanuiġṫeora.

A Iosa ro-cumanaiġ ni ḋiultoċṫaiḋ mise an ċroic mar rinne Simon; glacaim í, ceadruiġim í. Glacaim go h-airiḋe an bás ata

raṁam, an̄ aonḟeaċt leis na pianaibib a beiḋeas leis: co-ceanglaim é le do bás-sa, ⁊ toirḃirím ḋuit é, D'eug tu le grád orm-sa, geoḃfaiḋ mise bás le grád duit se. Cuidiġ liom le do grása; gráḋuiġim ṫu, Josa, mo ḟearc, os cion̄ gaċ uile níḋ; ta doilġios croiḋe orm gur ċuir me fearg ort. Coiḋċe arís na leig liom me fein do ḋealúġaḋ uait. Tabair ḋam beiṫ sior-ġraḋaċ ort, agus an̄ sin dean liom mar is toil leat.

Ar n-Aṫair, 'S é do beaṫa, a ṁuire. Glóir don Aṫair, &c.

A Josa! le grád orm-sa, teiḋir go mullaċ Ċalbairí; Tabair ḋam, mo beaṫa ċaṫaḋ, ansoġ fulangt agus bás faġail an̄ aoinḟeaċt leat.

Aig breaṫnuġaḋ 'b-pein na maiġdin' maṫar,
Ca bfuil an te do beiḋeaḋ a laṫair:
Nac m-beiḋeaḋ go fuar a sileaḋ deór!

AN SEISEAḊ TORAS.

Cumaileann Veronica aġaiḋ Iosa.

R. Aḋramuid ṫu, a Ċriosd, agus molamuid ṫu.

V. Mar ġeall gur ḟaor tu an doṁan le do ċroiċ beannuiġṫe.

Cuiṁniġ, aig feicsint do mnaoi naoṁṫa Veronica, Iosa ċo diblíġṫe, agus a aġaiḋ badta le allus agus le fuil, cionnas do ḟeacaiḋ sí do tubailt, le a ċumail sé a aġaiḋ aḋro-ṁail, fagail oirṫi go soilleir lorg a eadain beannuiġṫe.

A Iosa mor-ġráḋuiġṫe, b' aoibin d'aġaiḋ roiṁe sin, aċt ann san aisdir so, ċail sí a s-géim go leir; ta sí anois milte le loitib agus le fuil. Faraor! bí m' anam, mar an g-ceadna, sciaṁaṁal trá fuair se do ġrasa sa m-baisdeaḋ; aċt do ṫruailliġ me ó soin a le m

peacaiḋiḃ, is tusa aṁain, Ṡmo lanuiġṫeoir, an feidir leis a ḋeanaḋ aṫsciaṁaṁail. Dean é, tré do ṗais, a Íosa. Ta doilġios croiḋe orm gur ċuir me fearg ort. Coiḋċe arís na leig liom me fein do ḋealuġaḋ uaiṫ. Tabair ḋam beiṫ sior-ġráḋaċ ort, agus aṁ s-an dean liom mar ís toil leat.

Ar n-Aṫair, 'S é do beaṫa, ṁuire. Glóir don Aṫair, &c.

A Íosa! lé grád orm-sa, teiḋir go mullaċ Ċalbari; Tabair ḋam, mo beaṫa ċaṫaḋ, anfóġ fulangt, agus bas ḟáġail aṁ aoinḟeaċt leat.

Air coirṫe 'criċ' fein tabairt sasaiḋ
Ċonairc Íosa 'b-pein a básaḋ:
'S loiṫe le mór-ṁuillḋie cruaiḋ.'

AN SEACTṀAḊ TORAS

Tuitim Íosa an dara uair.

R. Aḋramuid ṫu, a Ċríosd, agus mola id ṫu.

V. Mar ġeall gur ḟaor tu an doṁan le do ċroiċ beañuiġṫe.

Smuainiġ, air an dara tuitim Íosa faoi an g-Croic :—tuitim ’aṫġoinear creaċda a ċin ⁊ a ḃall.

Íosa ro-ṁilis, ca ṁeid uair do ċoigil tu me, agus ca ṁeid uair do ṫuit me arís, agus do toisiġear arís a ċur feirge ort. O ṫríḋ luaiġeaċt an dara tuitim-so taḃair ḋam gaċ congnaḋ riaċtanaċ cum buanaḋ an do grasa go dtí an ḃás, taḃair, añ gaċ caṫuġaḋ, a ioñsoċṫar me, go n-deanfaiñ me fein a toir-ḃirt ḋuit, gràḋuiġim ṫu, Íosa, mo ḟearc, os cioñ gaċ uile níḋ ta doilgios croiḋe orm gru

ċuir me fearg ort. Coiḋċe arís na leig liom me féin do ḋealúġaḋ uait. Tabair ḋam beiṫ fíor-ġráḋaċ ort; agus an̄ san dean liom mar is toil leat.

Ar n-Aṫair, 'S é do beaṫa, a Ṁuire. Gloir don Aṫair, &c.

A Íosa! le gráḋ orm-sa teiḋir go mullaċ Calbarí; tabair ḋam mo beaṫa ċaṫaḋ; anṡoġ ḟulangt agus bás ḟaġail an̄ aoinḟeaċt leat.

Ċonairc a mac féin, muirneaċ, aonmar!
Treiġṫe gur fáġail bás go léanṁar,
Ċoad 's bí d'ġealúġaḋ ar an deá.

AN T-OCTMAḊ TURUS.

Labaireaṅ Iosa le inġiniḃ Ierusalem.

R. Aḋramuid ṫu, a Ċríost, agus molamuid ṫu.

F. Mar ġeall gur ḟaor tu an doṁan le do ċroiċ ḃeannuiġṫe.

Cuiṁniġ, cionnas do ċaoin na mna so le truaiġe, aig feicsine Iosa air ċaoi ċo dólasaċ, falcṫa le fuil aig siúbal do, sa tsliġe: "A inġineaċa," deir se, "na guillide mar ġell orm-sa, aċt mar ġeall air bur g-clainn."

Iosa, ċrom faoi uala'n anacra, guilim-se mar ġeall air gaċ oilbeiṁ tug me duit, is mar ġeall air na pianoidiḃ do ṫuilleadar, agus fós go mórṁór, mar ġeall air an ḟeirg do ṫuradar ort-sa, a ġráduiġ me ċo mór. 'Sé do ġraḋ níos mo na faicċeas Ifrinn, a ḃeir orm ḃeiṫ aig eagċaoin mo peacaiḃ. Is mó mo

ġean ort, Íosa, na orm féin: tá doilġios croiḋe orm gur ċuir me fearg ort. Coiḋċe arís ná leig liom me féin do ḋealáġaḋ uait, tabair ḋam beit síor-ġraḋaċ ort; agus aġ sin dean liom mar is toil leat.

Ar n-Aṫair, 'S é do beaṫa, ṁuire. Glóir don Aṫair, &c.

A Íosa! le ġráḋ orm-sa teiḋir go mullaċ Ċalbari; tabair ḋam mo beaṫa ċaṫaḋ; anṡóġ ḟulangt agus bás ḟaġail aḃ aoinḟeaċt leat.

Maṫair ṁuirneaċ, ban-ṡruṫ fíor ġráḋ,
le brón tab'r ḋam, beiṫ, faoi ṡíor ċráḋ,
Agus leat beiṫ sílt na n-deór.

AN NAOIṀEAḊ TORAS.

Tuitim Iosa an tríṁaḋ uair.

R. Aḋramuid ṫu, a Ċriosd, agus molamuid ṫu.

F. Mar ġeall gur ḟaor tu an doṁan le do ċroiċ beañuiġṫe.

Smuainiġ air an treas tuitim Iosa Criosd. Buḋ ro-ṁor a anbḟaine, agus b' anṁeasar-rḋa borbas na marḃṫóir a bí ḋá ġreadaḋ a ḋeifirt a ċoisṁein, trá naċ raib añ siúbal.

O Iosa ḋiblíġṫe, as luaiġeaċt na n-anb-faine d-ḟulang tu aig dul go Calbarí, tabair ḋam mo doċun neart, le buaiḋ ḟáġail air gaċ mear saoġalta, ⁊ air mo ḋroc-ċlaontaiḃ go leir, a ṫug orm do ċarṫañas do ṫar-cuisnuġaḋ. Gráḋuiġim ṫu, Iosa, mo ṡearc, os cioñ gaċ uile niḋ: ta doilġios croiḋe orm gur ċuir me fearg ort. Coiḋċe arís.

na leiġ liom mé féin do ḋealúġaḋ uait. Tabair ḋam beiṫ sior-ġráḋaċ ort; agus aṁ sin dean liom mar is toil leat.

Ar n-Aṫair. 'S é do beaṫa, a ṁuire. Gloir don Aṫair, &c.

A Iosa! le gráḋ orm-sa teiḋir go mullaċ Ċalbari; tabair ḋam mo beaṫa ċaṫaḋ, ansioġ fulangt, agus bás ḟaġail aṁ aon-ṫeaċt leat.

Mo ċroiḋe go m-beiḋeaḋ le gráḋ lasaḋ,
Gus air Ċriosd mo Ḋia a casad
Tab'r, 's go m-beiḋiṁ sior-ċaiṫṁe aṁaċ do

AN DEIĊṀAD TORAS.

Streaċaltar a ċuid eadaiġ d' Iosa.

R. Aḋraṁuid ṫu, a Ċriosd, agus molaṁuid ṫu.

F. Mar ġeall gur ḟaor tu an doṁan le do ċroiċ beannuiġṫe.

Cuiṁniġ, ċo dean is ḃi na marḃṫóiriḋ a noċduġaḋ Iosa. Aig baint a ċuid eadaiġ d' Iosa, do ġreamuiġ a aibid d'a ċolan streaċṫa, agus do streacladar iad ḋe ċo danarṫa gur ṫainic cuid d'a ċneis leo. Dean ṫruaiġe do d' Ṡlanuiġṫeóir air a n-deanaḋ an droċ-iod so.

Iosa ionnuin, as luaiġeaċt an ċraḋa d' ḟulaing tu, cuidiġ liom me féin a scaraḋ ó ġaċ claon do niḋṫiḃ saoġalta ċum go d-taḃ-arfaiḋ mo ġraḋ duit-se a ċuilleas mo ċuman go n-iomlan, graḋuiġim ṫu, Iosa, os cionn gaċ

uile nið; ta doilġior croiðe orm gur ċuir me fearg ort. Coiṡċe arís na leig liom me féin do ḋealúġaḋ uait, Tabair ḋam beiṫ síor-ġráḋaċ ort; agus an san dean liom mar is toil leat.

Ar n-Aṫair. 'S é do beaṫa, a Ṁuire. Glóir don Aṫair, &c.

A Íosa! le grád orm-sa toirbir go mullaċ Calbari; tabair ḋam mo beaṫa ċaṫaḋ; an-ṡóġ ḟulangt, agus bas ḟaġail aṁ aoinḟeaċt leat.

'Maṫair beannuiġ' bíḋeaḋ trom ċlóḋta,
Créaċda fola 'r d-tiġearna reóḋta,
Go dluṫ sastuiġṫe 'n mo ċroiḋe.

AN T-AONṀAḊ-ĊORAS-DÉAG.

Ta Iosa fastuiġṫe le tairngṫiḃ do'n g-Crois

R. Aḋramuid ṫu, a Ċriosd, agus molamuid ṫu.

F. Mar ġeall gur ṡaor tu an doṁan le do ċroiċ beañuiġṫe.

Cuiṁniġ cioñas, n-deis Iosa beiṫ fastuiġṫe don g-croiċ, do ṡian sé amaċ a laṁa, ⁊ do ṫoirḃir sé don Aṫair síorruiḋe a beaṫa mar ioḋbairtċair son an Slanuiġṫe. Do ġreamuiġ an dream borb-ḃeusaċ-so é le tairngṫiḃ don g-croiċ, agus d'ḟagadar é da ḃasaḋ le anacair air an g-crann mi-ṁeasaṁail so.

Iosa faluiġṫe le mi-ṁoḋ, fastuiġ mo ċroiḋe do do ċosaiḃ ioñas go bḟanaḋ sé a g-coṁnuiġe ña bḟocair ċum do ġraḋuġaḋ, gan sgaraḋ leat níos mo. Is mó mo ġean ort na orm féin; ta doilġios croiḋe orm gur

ċuir me fearg ort, ċoiḋċe arís na leig liom me féin do ḋealuġaḋ uait. Tabair ḋam beiṫ síor-ġráḋaċ ort, agus an sin dean liom mar is toil leat.

Ar n-Aṫair. 'S é do ḃeaṫa, a Muire. Glóir don Aṫair, &c.

A Iosa! le grāḋ orm-sa teiḋir go mullaċ Calbari; tabair ḋam mo ḃeaṫa ċaiṫeaḋ, an-ḟoġ ḟulanġt, ⁊ bas ḟaġail an aoinḟeaċt leat.

Pian do Ṁic, le loit da ḟorsuġaḋ,
'Deonuiġ duinn a ċráḋ gan torsuġaḋ,
Liom-sa roinn air feaḋ mo ḃiṫ.

AN DARA TURUS-DÉUG

Faġaḋ Iosa bás air an g-Croiċ.

R. Adhramuid ṫu, a Ċriosd, agus molamuid ṫu.

F. Mar ġeall gur ṡaor tu an doṁan le do ċroiċ beannuiġṫe.

Cuiṁniġ cionnas, n-deis trí uaire doċamla air an g-Croiċ do, raiḃ Iosa caite le aṁgar, agus a ċlaonaḋ le meaḋaċan a ċolna, ċrom a ċeann agus d' eag.

A Iosa faġail báis, poġaim go craiḃṫeaċ an ċroiċ air a ḃfuarais bás le grád orm. Do ṫuil me le mo Ṗeacaiḋiḃ drioċ-bás, aċt rè do bás-sa mo ṁuinnín. O as luaiġeaċt do báis taḃair dam grása bás ḟaġail aig caiḃ-rúġaḋ do cos, agus aig lasaḋ le grád duit. Do ṫoirḃirim m'anam ann do laṁaiḃ, gráḋuġim ṫu, Iosa, os cionn gaċ uile níḋ; tá doilġios croiḋe orm gur ċuir me fearg ort, coiḋċe arís na leig liom me ḟein do ḋealuġaḋ uait-

Tabair ḋam beiṫ síor-ġráḋaċ ort, agus an sún dean liom mar is toil leat.

Ar n-Aṫair. 'S é do ḃeaṫa, a Muire. Glóir don Aṫair, &c.

A Íosa! le grád orm-sa teiḋir go mullaċ Calbarí; tabair ḋam mo ḃeaṫa ċaṫaḋ, ans fós d'ḟulangt agus bás ḟaġail an aoinḟeaċ-leat.

Tab'r ḋam silt leat, sruṫ ḋear gola,
'Gus leat beiṫ 's eagċaoin cairiḋe fola,
Do ṁic ċéasta le mo ṡaoġal.

AN TREAS-ṪORUS-DÉUG.

Togḃail Iosa anuas ón g-Croic.

R. Aḋramuid ṫu, a Ċríosd, agus molamuid ṫu.

F. Mar ġeall gur ṡaor tu an doṁan le do ċroiċ ḃeannuiġṫe.

Smuainiġ cionnas, n-deis bás an d-tiġearna, ṫoiġ dís d'a ḋeisciobailiḃ Ioseph agus Nicoidem é 'nuas o'n g-croiċ, agus leag é a n-ucṫ a ṁaṫar cráḋṫa, a ġlac é le gean an-ċuimsiġṫe, agus d' ḟasg é ċum a croiḋe.

A ṁaṫair ḋólasaċ, le gráḋ air do ṁac, glac mise do ḟearḃḟoġantuiġe, agus guiḋ air mo ṡon. Agus tusa, mo Slanuiġṫeoir, ó ṫarla go ḃ-fuair tu bás air mo ṡon, leig liom do ġráḋuġaḋ; 'nara ní ḃ-áil liom aċt tusa aṁain gan aon níḋ eile. Gráḋuiġim ṫu, a Iosa, os cionn gac uile níḋ; ta doilġios croiḋe

orm gur ċuir me fearg ort. Coiḋċe arís na leig liom me féin do ḋealúġaḋ uait. Tabair ḋam beiṫ síorġraḋaċ ort, agus as san, dean liom mar is toil leat.

Ar n-Aṫair. 'S é do beaṫa, ṁuire. Glóir don Aṫair, &c.

A Íosa! le graḋ orm-sa, teiḋir go mullaċ Ċalbari; tabair ḋam mo beaṫa ċaṫaḋ, an-ḟoġ ḟulangt, agus bás ḟaġail as aoinfeaċt leat.

Beiṫ leat, le taob na croiċ' dearcaḋ
Air do ṁac, le súilib searcaḋ',
'S truaġaċ' ḋ'a ḋolas, 'sé mo ṁian.

AN CEAṪARṀAḊ-ṪORAS-ḊÉAG.

Leagṫar Ċríost sa n-uaiġ.

R. Aḋramuid ṫu, a Ċríost, ⁊ molamuid ṫu.

F. Mar ġeall gur ḟaor tu an doṁan le do ċroiċ beannuiġṫe.

Cuiṁníġ cionnas d' iomċar a deisciobail colann Iosa ċum a adlacṫa a g-cuideaċta a ṁaṫar beannuiġṫe a coṁnuiġ i sa uaiġ le n-a lamaib féin, do dunadar ann sin an uaġ agus d' imiġdar leó a lig go leir.

A Iosa adlaicṫe, do ṗogaim an leac le b-fuil d' uaġ dunta: aċt d' eiriġis aris an tresas la:—aṫċuingim ṫu ar uċt d' eiseiriġṫe, tabairt dam eiruġad go glóirṁar leat an la deaġanaċ a beiṫ a g-coṁluadar leat a b-flaṫeas do do molad agus do do ġraduġad le saoġal na saoġal. A Iosa, tá gean agam ort, agus ta doilġios croide orm gur ċuir

me fearg ort. Coiḋċe arís na leig liom mé féin do ḋealuġaḋ uait, tabair ḋam ḃeiċ síor-ġráḋaċ ort; agus an̄ sin dean liom mar is toil leat.

Ar n-Aċair, 'S é do ḃeaċa, a Ṁuire. Gloir don Aċair, &c.

A Iosa! le gráḋ orm-sa teiḋir go mullaċ Ċalḃarí; tabair ḋam mo ḃeaċa ċaċaḋ, anḟoġ fulaingt agus bás ḟaġail an̄ aoinfeaċt leat.

'Óiġ na n-óiġ a neiṁ' is dilse,
Taisbeán ḋam do ṁaiċ, 's do ṁilse,
'S leig liom leat, beiċ 'gul go géur.

Tabar ḋam ḃeiċ foiġ'deaċ, tuilteaḋ
Paise Criost is créaċda ḟuilteaċ'
Ġ'iomċar 's meaṁruġaḋ an̄ mo ċroiḋe

Roin̄ liom na loit, sgárd fuil 's uisge,
Tabair ḋam beiċ lán ḋíoḃ 'gus air misge,
Le gaeċ ' paise do ṁic ġráḋaiġ.

Na biḋeaḋm' lár lasair do mo lorgaḋ
Aċt biḋeaḋ do ċu'aċt ṫruaġaċ da g-corgaḋ
'S do mo ċuṁdaċ, lá na brí.

Nuair is dual o'n t-saoġal beiṫ 'g imirc,
A Ċriosd, taḃair ḋam, faoi ċuimirc
Do ṁaṫar beannuiġ'—craoḃ na buaiḋ.

Trá ḃeiḋeas mo ċolann faoi ḃrat aire,
Taḃ'r do m'anam beiṫ faoi ṁaire,
Feiċeaḋ aoiḃnis Parrṫais Sé.

Amen.

'Ndiaiġ so abair, an Paidir, an t-Ave Maria, agus glóir do'n Aṫair, &c., cuig uaire, leis na loġaiḋ eile faġail a bprionntar le linn a ráḋa.

2.

Her meek soul from pangs of sorrow
Could no ease or respite borrow,
With the sword of grief transfix'd.

3.

O, how sunk in deep affliction
Was that spring of benediction,
Mother of God's only Son!

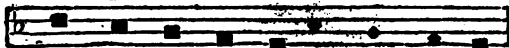
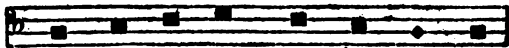
4.

With all a mother's fondness grieving,
Her heart with sighs of anguish heaving,
Her dear Son she viewed in pain.

5.

Who'd not shed hot tears of anguish,
See'ng Christ's holy Mother languish
Under such a load of woe?

6.

Who could tears refrain from gushing
Forth on seeing the Mother's rushing,
Deeply sorrowing with her Son?

2.

Cujus animam gementem,
Constritatam, et dolentem,
Pertransivit gladius.

3.

O quam tristis et afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater Unigeniti!

4.

Quæ mœrebat, et dolebat,
Pia Mater dum videbat
Nati pœnas inclyti.

5.

Quis est homo, qui non fleret,
Matrem Christi si videret
In tanto supplicio?

6.

Quis non posset contristari,
Christi Matrem contemplari
Dolentem cum Filio?

7.

For His people's sins atoning
Saw her Son in torment groaning,
And with heavy scourges bruised

8

She saw her Son, her soul's desire,
Forsaken, on the cross expire,
Sadly giving up the ghost.

9.

Mother! with affection glowing,
Grant that streams of sorrow flowing
From my heart be mixed with thine.

10.

Grant my heart for ever burning
With God's love, his own returning,
To be pleasing in his sight.

11.

Mother, grant, among thy graces,
That my soul may bear the traces
Of our suff'ring Saviour's wounds.

12.

In thy Son's afflicting sadness,
Who deigned to die for me with gladness,
Grant, I crave, to me a share.

13.

Let not thy bitter grief be single,
Allow my tears with thine to mingle,
In deep sorrow for His death.

7.

Pro peccatis suæ gentis,
Vidit Jesum in tormentis,
Et flagellis subditum.

8.

Vidit suum dulcem natum
Moriendo, desolatum
Dum emisit spiritum.

9.

Eia Mater, fons amoris,
Me sentire vim doloris
Fac, ut tecum lugeam.

10.

Fac ut ardeat cor meum
In amando Christum Deum,
Ut sibi complaceam.

11.

Sancta Mater, istud agas,
Crucifixi fige plagas
Cordi meo valide.

12.

Tui Nati vulnerati,
Tam dignati pro me pati,
Pœnas mecum divide.

13.

Fac me tecum pie flere,
Crucifixo condolere,
Donec ego vixero

14.

The sorrow under which you'r sinking,
The cup of woe from which you'r drinking,
Near the cross to share be mine.

15.

Be thou, of virgins fair the flow'r,
Far from repulsive at this hour,
And make me partner of thy tears.

16

Grant that I Christ's passion bearing,
And his bitter anguish sharing,
May revolve his sacred wounds.

17.

Be wounded by His wounds each feeling,
His blood my soul away be stealing,
Gushing down the sacred tree.

18.

Protect me, Virgin, from Hell's fire,
And shield me from God's vengeful ire,
On the dreadful day of doom!

19

Let, O Lord, when death shall sever
Me from life's strong ties for ever,
Through thy Mother, gain my crown.

20.

When my body's lifeless lying,
Grant my soul the never-dying,
Never-ceasing bliss of Heav'n.

THE END.

14.

Juxta crucem tecum stare,
Et me tibi sociare,
In planctu desidero.

15.

Virgo virginum præclara,
Mihi jam non sis amara,
Fac me tecum plangere.

16.

Fac ut portem Christi mortem
Passionis fac consortem
Et plagas recollere.

17.

Fac me plagis vulnerari,
Fac me cruce inebriari,
Et cruore Filii

18

Flammis ne urar succensus
Per te, Virgo, sim defensus
In die judicii.

19.

Christe, cum sit hinc exire,
Da per Matrem me venire
Ad palmam victoriæ.

20

Quando corpus morietur,
Fac ut anima donetur
Paradisi gloria. Amen.

THE END.